# IN THE SWIM OF SOCIETY.

THE LIVINGSTON BALL TO OCCUR AT DEL-MONICO'S ON MONDAY.

To be Given to Introduce to Society Miss Clarisse H. Livingston-The Balfroom Walls to be Hung with Vinefand Pink and White Roses-Mr. Kenn and Miss Winthrop to be Married Next Month.



ONDAY evening Miss Clarisse H. Livingston will be introduced at a ball to be given by her father, Mr. Edward Livingston. The whole of Delmonico's has been engaged. The decorations will be on

a much more elaborate scale than even at the Morris ball. The entire walls of the ball. room will be hung with the clematis vine alter nated with pink and white roses. Klunder will use the Madame Cusin, the Gloire de

Paris, the La France, the Gabrielle Louzet, Catherine Mermet and Anna Alexieff roses for this purpose.

Mrs. Frederick Satterlee, a cousin of Mr. Livington, will receive the guests. Miss Clarisse H. Livingston will wear a simple white tulle gown. Mr. Elliot Roosevelt will lead the german

with Miss Livingston for his partner, The favors will be small baskets with high hardles and long pink ribbons attached, filled with white violets, pink roses and lilies of the valley. Lander's and the new Hungarian band of the Eden Musee, with Erdelyi Naczi for leader, will play alternately uring the evening.
Invitations to the number of 1,500 were issed. The invitations include the follow-

ing named persons:

sued. The invitations include the following named persons:

Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Miss Martha Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Depoysier, the Misses Depoyster, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones, the Misses Depoyster, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones, the Misses McAllister, the Misses Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. A. Newhold Morris, Miss Morris, Mr. and Mrs. A. Newhold Morris, Miss Morris, Mr. and Mrs. College, Mr. and Mrs. Ellot Roosevelt, Mrs. Valentine G. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss Belle Wisson, Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb, Miss Webb, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Schermerhorn, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Mr. And Mrs. Byam K. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. William Harclay Parsons, and and Mrs. William Rockleffelin, Mr. and Mrs. William K. J. K. Van Rensselzer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schleffelin, Mr. and Mrs. Ward McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Regene Rockleffelin, Mr. and Mrs. William Astor, Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, Mr. J. Howard Kling, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, Mr. J. Howard Kling, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, Mr. J. Howard Kling, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Rutherfurd, Mr. Wilhthop Rutherfurd, Mr. Lewis Rutherfurd, Mr. Misses Rutherfurd, Mr. Mrs. Richard Ring, Mr. and Mrs. Schoper Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Schoper Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Schoper Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mr. Robert Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monry Coster and Mr. Henry A. Coster.

One of the largest weddings of the season is yet to take place. It will be that of Miss Winthrop and Mr. Julian H. Keau. The wedding reception will be at the home of Mrs. R. Winthrop in Fifth avenue on Jan. 12.

Mrs. Walker Breese Smith. Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mrs. F. R. Jones will receive the guests at the first cotillon next Thursday evening at Delmonto's.

evening at Delmonico's.

Mrs. A. B. Reid, of 121 Madison avenue, will give a reception and dinner on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. David Lyall and Miss Lyall

will give a reception early in January.
Mrs. Paul E. Rasor and the Misses Jenkins
will give a tea on Saturday atternoon, Dec.
17, at their home, 250 West Fifth-seventh street. Mrs. Frederick Baker, of 815 Fifth avenue

will give a dance on Thursday evening, Dec.

The Terrace Bowling Club will meet on Thursday, Jan. 19. for the first meeting for

nis season. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of 24 West Fifty.

seventh street, gave a dinner of twenty-four covers last evening in honor of her daughter. The table was banked with pink roses. Mrs. Bradford, of 21 Waverley place, will give a reception on Monday. Mrs. Morris, of 36 Washington square, will

give a dinner for sixteen guests on Tuesday Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, of 4 West Sixteenth

street, will give a reception on wednesday.
Dec. 14.
Judge and Mrs. Daly, of 84 Clinton place,
will give a tea on Friday, Dec. 15.
Mrs. Alfred Young, of 7 East Fifty-sixth
street, will give a musicale on the afternoon
of Dec. 19.
Dr. and Mrs. Janeway will give a tea on
Dec. 36 at their home, 8 West Eighteenth

street.
A notable society event will be the wedding, on Jan. 3, of Mr. William Manice, who is a general favorite in New York, and Miss Sallie Remsen. It will take place at St. Mark's Church. The Rev. Dr. Joseph H.

Bylance will officiate. The church will be decorated with palms, ferns, and many cut flowers. The marriage will take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. E. A. Nichols, of 16 Thirty-ninth street, DISTRESSING SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

will give a dance on Tuesday evening.

Miss Eleanor Winslow is visiting Mrs.

Townsend Burden, of 5 Madison square.

Mrs. Francis Baker, of 13 East Seventyfourth street, will give a reception on Tuesday afferneon.

fourth street, will give a reception on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Newbold Morris, of 19 East Sixty-fourth street, will give a reception on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Remsen, of 11 West Ninth street, will give a dinner to fourteen guests on Thursday, Pinard will serve.

Mrs. R. Valentine, of Newark, N. J., will give a large blackers of Thursday.

Mrs. R. Valentine, of Newark, N. J., will give a large luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, of 117 East Twenty-first street, will give a reseption this afternoon, to which 1,300 guests have been invited. Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. John W. Alexander, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Babcock will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Henry Beste, of 367 Lexington average who gave a recention last winter to in-

nue, who gave a reception last winter to introduce Miss Georgina Oñataria, her ward, will receive her friends again this afternoon.

Mrs. James Betts Metcalf will assist in re-

ceiving, Mrs. Pierre Humbert, Mrs. J. E. Martin, of Age of the state o

Read a reporter's experience on an ocean tugboat in the Sunday WORLD.

### HAVANA'S CIGAR FACTORY LOCK-OUT.

Trade in New York Not Likely to be Affected Should It Last Six Months.

The cable brings the news this morning that the locked-out cigar-makers at Havana have signified their willingness to submit their grievances to arbitration by the Government, and that a speedy end of the difficulty is looked for.

The lock-out affects between seven and

eight thousand men, and has resulted in a total suspension of the cigar-making industry in Havana.

Thus far, according to New York manufacturers of Havana cigars, the trouble has not affected the trade in this country, nor is it likely. not affected the trade in this country, nor is it likely to,

The senior member of Lozano, Pendas & little dog had no platform.

Co. said to day to a WORLD reporter.

The strike first occurred in Ramon & Allone's manufactory at Havana, the employees demanding that the firm sign a contract or agreement granting them steady em-

rract or agreement granting them steady employment for a year.

"At the same time the hands employed by Pedro Murias and Cortins & Gomez struck for higher wages—an advance of \$1 or \$2 a thousand. Both demands were refused, and the men in the three factories—the largest in Havana-went out.

"The manufacturers at Havana are well "The manufacturers at Havana are well organized, and in order to sustain the firms mentioned they locked out all hands. There is stock enough on hand to supply all demands for six months, and should the factories remain closed that length of time the manufacturers can get along without serious loss of money or trade.

"The men are also well organized. They have been receiving from \$12 to \$40 per 1,000 for making cigars according to size and

for making eigars, according to size and

for making cigars, according to size and quality.

"The packers also have a grievance and are out. They demanded that but one apprentice be permitted in each establishment every three years.

"All hands are Cubans and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Chinese. The difficulty does not affect us here, nor does it affect the European contracts for cigars entered into every year by the Havana manufacturers."

### Capturing Them Unawares.

[From Puck.] Mr. Longhair — Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with somemedicine advertisement?

medicine advertisement?

Writer—I do work of that sort occasionally, sir.

Mr. Longhair—Well, I wish you would get me
up something about a prize-fight, or a trunk murder, or a chnich scanual, or anything the public
are especially interested in, and then soring on
them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will
you do to be saved?" "Lay not up for yourself
treasures upon earth," &c. I'm a tract distributor.

A Lucky Dog.

[From Life.]
Brown—You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you parried a girl worth half a million dollars in her

own right.
Robinson (rather more sadiy than the circumstances seem to warrant)—Yes.

Brown—You ought to put up the drinks.
Robinson—All right, old man. Just wait while I
run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.

A Natural Consequence.

[From Harper's Basar.]
Magistrate—If I discharge you this time, Uncle Rastus, what will you do? Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' honah, ef yo' discha'ges me I spect I'il go off.

Among the Indians. W. B. RIEER & SON, 263 6th ave., N. Y. City.
GENTS: Please send me (6) six more bottles of your SARBAPANILLA, for which you will find bottle note in Custer Station, N. P. R. R., Montana Territory

DISTRESSING SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ne White Woolly Dog Without a Platform, One Dudelet and One Dog with a Curled Tail-All Tangled Up at a Critical Mo-Owner Suppressed-All Finally Screne.



NDER the glitter of the electric lights, a resplendent little dude was progressing up Fifth avenue. He was young for the serious position which he had assumed in the realm of dudery, but he grappled

vigorously with his burdensome responsibilities. He was a featherweight dudelet, and he was walking rapidly, almost with nervous haste. His nose was

in the air, and he held s huge cane with deadly determination. The calm repose, so much akin to weary disdain, which veneers the master dude, was not his, He was eager-even brisk. This is a "missed cue" to which incipient dudedom is exposed. But he was young.

As he neared Twenty-third street a man was walking in front of him. In the man's immediate vicinity circulated a pair of dogs. They never separated more than a yard, but they sometimes approached nearer than that, One was a little woolley white dog as full of sweetness as a poet's thoughts. Sometimes this little dog is imitated by art, and stands on a platform which runs on wheels. The art dog looks so much like nature, and the natural dog looks so much like art that the platform with the wheels is almost the only means of surely discriminating them. This

The other dog exhibited was a Willoughby png. His tail was curled so tightly over his back that it must have been a strain on the roots, and a stimulus to thought.

The dude, the Willoughby png and the woolly white dog presented a study in gait worthy of a philosopher's consideration. There was a family resemblance in the three, It lay in their joyous briskness. It didn't amount to much and it was joggy, but it was soothing and had its uses as a mild antidote to the statement.

soothing and mad its assortion misanthropy.

At this juncture Fate brought into the plane of these three lives—the dude's and the two other little dogs'—"a maiden fair to see" just ahead. The little dude concentrated himself so that

The little dude concentrated himself so that he might coruscate with a little bewitching dazzle as he trotted by her.

Just then the dude's off leg seemed to enter into a combination with the brace of dogs. The dude stumbled, the Willoughby pug stood for a brief moment impetuously on his head and the white woolly dog made a spassive statement that are being a spassive statement. modic spurt that gave his nervous system a violent wrench.

The dudelet lifted his legs wildly. He

The dudelet lifted his legs wildly. He struck out with them, trying to regain his elastic stiffness. The little dogs tumbled around in a series of mixtures as great as can be effected by two.

Some occult law seemed to make the gyrations of the little dogs dependent on the the movements of the dudelet's leg. They clung to it like ivy to an aged monument. He shook it in the air. He only shook off a pair of barks pitched in different keys, one a soprano agitato, the other a baritone chest note.

note.

The dogs were there. So was the dude, The maiden acquired a lively interest in the complication, two messenger boys tarried in their breathless haste, and the owner of the canine pets plunged on the downward path towards profanity.

The dude became more agitated. He did

The dude became more agitated. He did not know how to get rid of this attack of dog. He stepped high, he stepped wide, he stiffened his crisp little leg in the sir. The dogs remained by him like a mother's love.

The crisis deepened.

"Send for a 'cop!" said one of the messenger boys jeeringly.

"No; better get an ambulance," said the other.

other.
The maiden Suede glove.
Here, you. maiden smiled under cover of her e. vou. Keep perfectly still," said the proprietor of the dogs. "I'll get 'em

off."
The dude stood trembling after a chaotic The dude stood trembling after a chaotic attempt to disengage his attached leg. The dogs were letting off sharp yelps. Hydrophobia and a small funeral danced before the dudelet's fancy like a vision on the Brocken. The owner proceed to unwind the dogs. He made the two chassez across, balance to partners, right and left, and down the centre around the dude's leg. After a whole series of dance movements the dogs were free of the dude. He straightened out his legs, shook the wrinkles from his trousers, the

little dogs wagged their heads, the owner said something that began with D and ended with "fooi," and Richard was himself again, all round.

The procession continued up the avenue in its original divisions, the two little dogs still held by the string which bound their young lives temporarily together, but the dude went springing on in the gladness of recovered freedom.

TOO SMALL ORCHESTRAS.

Musicians Who Accuse Some New York

Managers of Penuriousness. Members of the Musical Mutual Protective Union are loud in their praise of Mr. Henry Irving as a substantial and appreciative patron of the art, and they take pride in announcing his election as an honorary member of their organization.

At the same time they speak of the penuriousness of some concert, operatic and theatrical managers here in employing small and

cal managers here in employing small and inadequate forces of musicians in the orchestras under their control.

Leading members of the union who were at their headquarters in East Fourth street to-day severely criticised some of the managers.

One leader of an orchestra in a large and popular theatre said: "Mr. Irving's election as an honorary member of our union is significant in more ways than one.

"He employs in his orchestra thirty-three musicians and pays them the highest rates, while our theatrical mananers employ a scant force of eight or nine men. Good music cannot be given with such a small corps. I know of one manager who wanted to economize by dropping his viola player, saying that the trombone man would answer as well for all purposes.

that the trombone man would answer as well for all purposes,

"Then look at the system of hiding the musicians away in a loft, as if they were not fit to be seen and heard.

"Again, take the London and Paris concert halls and gardens. While they employ fifty and sixty musicians in an orchestra, even our overstip houses will not employ half as operatic houses will not employ half as

many.

To make good music you have got to have larger forces than are now employed."

NEVER LEARN HOW TO GET A CAR. Some Observations on Women by an Old Third Avenue Driver.

A woman standing on the curbstone in Park row this morning as a Third avenue surface car passed, flourished her shopping bag at the driver frantically.

He was an old and weather-beaten driver of the typical sort. Without attempting to stop his horses, he held up his reins in an explanatory fashion and yelled in return: 'I ain't got no wheelbarrow, mum!"

"It do beat the divil," he commented to THE WORLD reporter who occupied the platform with him. "But these women never

form with him. "But these women never learn how to git a cyar. I s'pose that leddy expected me to come over to the curbstone after her.

"That's right! That's right!" he yelled at another woman who had signalled to the upward-bound car from a crosswalk on the downtown side of a cross street. "They'll never learn that we don't stop the car with the horses standing across a street."

He waited on the upper crossing for the passenger, looking back to see if she were embarking. The woman's first duty on entering the car was to give the conductor a "piece of her mind" for the act of the driver.

driver.

"Now, I wonder," said the old whip in a remonstrating tone. "I wonder if she thinks I can afford to pay a fine for violatin' the city ordinance just to please her?"

What They Stole.

(From Harper's Baser.)
"Darringer, I hear that some robbers broke into your house last night. What did they steal?" "Nothing, Bromley. They didn't get further than the vestibule. My son came home at midnight and they ran. Well, yes; they did steal several things."

"The house-dog, a spring-gun I had set for them and the burgar alarm." Practical Warning at the Wagner Society.

[From Puck.] Long-Haired Enthusiast-Ah, what ecstasy and felicious joy to be wafted heavenward on the

glorious strains of dear old Wagner! Cold-blooded Philistine (an invited guest)— That's all right, Slocum; but you're not losing sight of the fact that it's nearly midnight, and raining quite hard, and you know you have a long journey before you to Newark!

A Busy Day.

Hotel Watter-You are late for lunch, sir. Eminent Physician-Yes, I had to finish my magazine article on "The Laws of Health" so as to get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?

"Hot rolls, clams, plum pudding, apple dumplings, mince ple and fruit cake."

"Bring em all."

Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills

the best Liven Pills you can take. No Mercury, no Aloes, no Jalap. Box (30 pills), 15c. To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists.

Dainties in Abundance and Variety at Prices to Suit Everybody's Purse.

GOOD THINGS IN THE MARKETS,

Housekeepers find a good variety in the markets to-day, and at prices which show but slight change from last week. Spring lamb ranges from 14 to 20 cents for fore and hindquarters, and 25 cents for chops, with yearling lamb from 6 to 16 cents, according to the cut. Mutton ranges from 10 cents for cheap cuts to 18 cents for English saddle. Prime rib beef costs 16 to 18 cents, and steaks average from 12 cents for rump up to 25 cents for porterhouse, with sirloins at 15 to 18 cents. Veal is unchanged at 16 to 18 cents for loin, 10 to 14 for breast and shoulder, and 25 to 28 cents for cutlets. Pork sells at 12 cents for loins and 18 cents for tenderloins, and

for loins and 18 cents for tenderloins, and sausages at 12 to 16 cents.

In the poultry market fowls bring 16 cents a pound and Western poultry as low as 10 cents. Turkey are from 12 to 18 cents, ducks from 10 to 20 and Philadelphia capons 26 and Philadelphia chickens 20 cents. For game, quails sell at \$2.50 a dozen: English snipe, \$2.25; small snipe, \$1; rail birds, \$2.50; plover, \$2.50; prairie chicken, \$1.50 a brace; woodcock, \$1.50; partridges, 75 cents to \$1.25; canvasbacks, \$4 to \$5; red heads, \$3 to \$4; mallards, \$1.25, and common wild ucks 60 to 70 cents a brace. Rabbits are cheap at 30 to 50 cents a brace and venison sells at 25 cents a pound.

Fish to 25 cents a pound.

Fish is plentiful and comparatively cheap.

Prices are: Bluefish, 18 cents: haddock,
7; cod, 7; fresh mackerel, 20 to 30; striped. 7: cod, 7: fresh mackerel, 20 to 30: striped-bass, 18 to 30: sca-bass, 16: Oregon salmon, 40: salmon-trout, 15: Spanish mackerel, 50: flounders, 10: cels, 18: frost fish, 8: hali-but, 20, and smelts 15 cents a pound. Oysters and clams are unchanged. Lobsters are 12 to

and clams are unchanged. Lobsters are 12 to 15 cents and green-turtle 18 cents a pound.
There is an abundance in the way of vegetables, but they are not always cheap. Tomatoes are 26 cents a quart; lima beans, 25c.; spinach, 25c. a peck; onions, 39c.; turnips, 30c.; sweet potatoes, 59c.; cauliflower, 19c. to 30c. each; egg plant, 15c. to 20c.; French anchovies, 25c.; squashes, 15c. to 20c.; pumpkins, 19c. to 20c., and mushrooms, 75c. to \$1 a pound.

kins, 19c. to 20c., and mushrooms, 75c. to \$1 a pound.
Grapes can be bought as follows: Tokay, 25c.: Malagas, 10c. to 25c.: Catawbas, 35c. a pound. Florida and Jamaica oranges are 30c. to 60c. a dozen, and pears from 50c. to \$1 a dozen. Newtown pippins bring \$2.50 to \$6 a barrel: S now apples, \$2.50; northern spv, \$2.50; Spitzenbergs, \$2.50; Greenings, \$1.90, and Baldwins, \$2 a barrel.

THE CHINAMAN KEPT ON GOING.

Heartless Practical Joke Played by th Conductor of a Cable Car.

A cable car rumbled calmly through Wash ington Heights yesterday afternoon. In it were three ladies on their way home from the Masonic Fair, two young men going to a dinner, and a Chinese laundryman, who for purposes of euphony may be called Ah Sin. The Chinamen deposited two large bun-

The Chinamen deposited two large bundles on the rear platform and watched the flying cable with deep interest.

"Him stling pullee car," said he, when asked what he was looking at. "Him velly stlong stling."

The Chinaman was apparently on his way to see Lawson N. Fuller, for he called the attention of the conductor to the One Hundred and fifty-fifth street crossing and picked up his bundles.

"Ketch onto his jags now," said the conductor as a suspicious grin overspread his features.

catures.
"Allee lightee; stoppee car," sang out Ah

"Allee lightee; stoppee car," sang out Ah Sin.

The conductor threw himself upon the brake with all his strength. The car nearly stood on end with the force of the shock. Ah Sin kept right on going, however, and, with a bundle under each arm, he rolled over and over until he brought up with a whack against a lamppost.

Ah Sin arose slowly and painfully and rubbed the mud out of his eyes. Then he looked at the car with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise, and said: "Did him stling bloke?"

Suggestions to Women Who Like to Dress Well on Little Money.

[From Harper's Busar.] The shops are filled with good wool fabrics of single color and double told, sold for 50 cents to 75 cents a yard, that will make pretty and serviceable dresses for the house, and that will also be warm mough for the street when worn under a long cloak or ulster. The combination dress patterns that merchants have arranged for holiday sales are partly of piain wool and partly of veivet, either striped or barred, in similar color to that of the wool or in contrast with it. These cost from \$7.50 tup to \$12 or \$15 the pattern, and come in stylish shades of blue, green or terra-cotta, with twilled surface, smooth like came!'s hale, or else like the shades of blue, green or terra-cotta, with twillies tourface, smooth like camel's hair, or eise like the beaver diagonal serges. The green wools with green and red velvet make pretty dresses for young women, and there are Gobelin blue shades with blue and brown velvet for those who are older. The fancy is to make the lower skirt of such dresses perfectly plain, and nearly cover it with a long full round overskirt. The velvet serves as part of the lower skirt, set on as a wide border, either at the edge or three or four inches above it, or eise, if there is enough, it may simulate the entire lower skirt. Rows of stiching above a hem are the only finish required for the overskirt. The basque is plainly fitted, with vest, plastron, or revers of the velvet. velvet.
Garibaldi waists with a pointed yoke and belt are
the fashionable day corasge with English women.

and when well fitted they display a neat figure to good advantage. These are not the full blouses worn long ago under the name of Garibaidi shirts, but are more closely fitted, and extend below a belt long enough to cover the hips, being sloved shorter on the sides and slightly longer in front than behind. They are made of faced cloth of light weight, of cashmere, of jersey cloth, and of the fine striped dannets. The yoke is usually braided with a darker shade or with black, and is done in lengthwise rows or in the favorite vermicell pattern. The collar is a high standing band, the sleeves have no cuffs, and the belt is lapped and pointed; sometimes orading is acided en the collar, cuffs and belt. Young ladies wear bright red Garibaidi wasts, while older ones choose any quet dark color that will answer with various skirts of other colors, also with black

More dressy jackets for the house are made of More dressy Jackets for the house are made of light cashmere, with a blouse vest and deep pleatings on the front and hips of Cainese crepe. The fronts of the cashmere slope open from the throat, and are cut off, at the wait line like a square-cornered Kion jaket, showing the vest and the lower pleatings; the back is closely adjusted, and is as long as the crape front and sides. A pleated collar and under sleeves of the crape are added. This is very handsome in resedue cashmere with pale plak crape, or in gray-blue cashmere with pale plak crape, or in gray-blue cashmere with old-rose crape. ---

Run the Sunday Would and take a gitmpse int the Turkish harems with Mrs. Lete Wallace. Thirty pages for three cents,

Joe Davis's Joke on the Constable.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]
The redoubtable Joe Davis, a notorious crook wanted in several places in Ohio on various harges, returned to his old home and family at Butler last Saturday. He had been wanted ther or some time on a charge of passing counterfelt for some time on a charge of passing counterfelt money, Yesterday Constable Hughes arrested him. Joe marched with the officer meek as a lamb for a time, when, apparently in sport, he begon to southe, and dexterously relieved the officer of his revolver. In air instant the muzzle of the weapon was in close proximity to Hughes' face, and the defiant warrant, "Hands of!" came from Davis as he cooly walked off down the railroad, turning on his way to fire one shot over the town. Then, firing the remaining shows, he laid the revolver on a tie and disappeared from the gaze of the officer into the woods.

### Do You Suffer rom rheumstism? If so, read the following "volum

tary tribute " from a reliable, conscientious man, which

tary tribute" from a reliable, conscientious man, which appeared in the Geneva, N. Y., Gissette, Jan. 21, 1887, entirely miknown to us till after its publication:

"Without doubt a large proportion of these who have passed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rheumatism. Up to three winters ago I had never known what sickness or pain was: but during the fall and winter of 1884 I had a slight attack of rheumatism, which, however, passed off towards spring, but Ahe following winter it reappeared with greater severity. Not desiring to become crippled I thought I would try Hood's Sarsarilla. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to say the rheumatic pains ceased, my apposite and digestion became better, and my general health greatly introved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla proved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparil effected a cure in my case, as I have felt no recurrer the blood disease." WM. SCOON, Geneva, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass, 100 Doses One Dollar

AMUSEMENTS. METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

HOFMANN CONCRETS
Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABREY
Tues., Dec. 13, at 8.15. Thurs., Dec. 15, at 8.30 o'clock

JOSEF HOFMANN,

panied by Mme. HELENE HASTREITER, Prima Contraito: Theo. Bjorksten, Tenor; Sig. De An-ritone: Miss Nette Carpenter, Violiniste: Mins. Accompanist; Mme. Sacconi, Harpist, and Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra, Seats now on Veber Grand Plano per

ACADEMY : TO-NICHT. ARABIAN NIGHTS. SPECTACULAR BURLESQUE.

AR THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers the Engagement.
LAST NIGHT OF THE ENGAGEMENT.
MR. HENRY IRVING,
MISS ELLEN TERRY,
AND THE LYCEUM COMPANY.
TO-NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOUK
LOUP XI.
and and
"JINGLE."
".\* Next week, Miss Julia Marlows.

STAR THEATRE.

One week, commencing next Monday,
supported by JOSEPH HAWORTH, in ROMEO AND
JULIET, INGOMAR and TWELFTH NIGHT.

M ADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matines at 2. SUCCESS OF "ELAINE. SUCCESS
PRESS AND PUBLIC UNITE IN PRONOUNCING
"ELAINE" THE GREATEST ARTISTICSUCCESS OF THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE
"SEATS RESERVED 3 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

5 TH AVENUE THEATRE. TO NIGHT AT 8. THE BECUM.

BY THE MCCAULL OPERA COMPANY, and ay, Dec. 12, "A HOLE IN THE GROUND."

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Saturday at 2.15.
Characters by Mesers. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Netts Guion and Miss
Rose Coghlan. Rose Cogbian.

BLIOU OPERA HOUSE—EIGHTH WEEK.
RICE'S
RURLESQUE
COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.

HE COPERAIR.
with its gorgeous attractions.
Eve's at 8 (sharp), Mat's Wed & Sata 2

HEATRE. THE WIFE. LYCEUM THEATRE. Begins at 8.15. MATINEE BATURDAY.

"Yes?"
"Did she know him before he took her

"I suppose so, from his own account."

"And they were really to be married?"

"Yes; next week, I believe."

"Next week? Really, that seems very soon. I suppose she is a good church-woman?" She seems so."

There was a long pause then, broke at last by Di. "Ethel," she said, "do you think Mr.

"Because I am firmly convinced that he is about to marry her merely to save a scandal. Miss Spicer, it seems, took offence because this stranger had so much given her to do in the parish, and she began circulating rumors about Mr. Hemming and Miss Charteris; and, of course, he heard of it; and, as he is an honorable man, what else could he do but marry her?"

The two girls moved away then, and the listener, who was none other than Mr.

learn more.

Sir Edward Lascelles stood in St. Martin's

himself.

He pulled himself and his reflections up or the curbstone to let a vehicle go by. A little child stood perilously near to the wheels; he picked it up and set it down in safety on the

Briggs."

"Back again, Briggs?"

"The same, sir."

"And?"

"And successful beyond all my glowing

"you come with me to your rooms and I'll unfold the tale in due course. Nice day, ain't it? Busy place, this. Hi, cabby, you drive us to Jermyn street as fast as you can,

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som, and followed himself, to keep up a con-tinuous flow of small talk till Sir Edward's

The two sat staring at each other a long time.

Robert brought in food and wine, and coughed discreetly; but there was no response to his invitation to eat and drink, so he betook himself to other regions.

At last Edward spoke.

"Your wife?"

"It is."
"Thank God!" said Edward fervently.
"Certainly." said Mr. Briggs, speaking, with his month full of cold beef; "and mo

Miss Charteris, with her many aliases, has long since disappeared from Elmsea. The sight of Mr. Washington Briggs, who presented himself before her on the day whereon she was to have been married to Mr. Hemming, was too much for her; and she fled.

Mr. Hemming soon after left the village, but he has recently revisited it and taken a wife away with him in the person of Ethel Vernon.

As to Sir Edward, he is long since married to Diana Leighton, and has well nigh ceased to remember the time of despondency from which he was rescued by "His Wife's Othar Husband."

tinuous flow of small talk till Sir Edward's rooms were reached.

"Now," said the latter, throwing himself in a chair and endeavoring to repress the agitation which had taken complete possession of him. "Now, Briggs, tell me."

Mr. Briggs looked disgusted.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Want me to tell you everything when Pm as hungry as a hunter?" Edward rang the bell.

"Some food for Mr. Briggs, Robert, quick! Now, Briggs, you have"—

"An uncommon appetite, Sir Edward."

"Briggs, don't tease me! Don't you see how impatient I am?"

The American rose and put his hand on Sir Edward's shoulder.

"My lad, you can marry Miss Leighton to morrow."

morrow." Is it—can it be true? But the other woman—my wife?"
"She's not your wife."
"Not my wife?"
"No, sir. She's mine!"

"Your wife?"
"My wife."
"I don't understand."
"Perhaps not."
"When was it?"
"When was what?" asked Mr. Briggs.

"Your marriage."
"Before yours. This woman is the one I told you of, who deceived me."
"Then my marriage with her is quite null and yoid?"

## [BY J. S. P.] Concluded from Friday.

ISYNOPAIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. God-frey Hemming was preaching his first sermon to a new charge one storing Sunday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and joined a life-bost crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking ship. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed: irew one nutr-growned the state of the state ble!"
Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about
to marry Diana Leighton. The woman Hemming
rescued was an adventuress whom Lascelles had
married, but they separated, and he believed her

hut be neath the shadow of a great mountain, before a great fire, with a dog asleep leu the floor in front of it, two men were scated smoking by a little table on which burnt a single candle.

"Sir," said the elder of the men, puffing a great cloud of smoke from his pipe and staring modificially into the

UT in Australia, in hut beneath the

ing moodily into the fire, "women are at the bottom of every row. From Helen of

Froy—nay, from Eve herself, it has ever been so. Is it a war? There's some court favorite at the bottom of it. Is it a duel? Ten to one a woman's the cause of it. Woman! Gad! there's no word hard enough to apply to some women."

The other man laughed. "I'm afraid you have some special grievance against the fair sex, Mr. Washington," he said

"Perhaps I have—perhaps I haven't. Tell you what it is, baronet," he continued after a

few minutes' silence. "I'm tired of this. I'm dead beat with it. sir. I want to get out of it and go back to civilization. Grubbing for dirty gold don't satisfy me. I must have something more. I don't know how it agreed with you, strolling round with your guns and dogs, and mooning yourself yellow, but it isn't manly, and I shall drop it."

Sir Edward said nothing for a little time. The three or four months spent in this out-of-the-world retreat in Australia had made him look older and graver, and somehow there seemed to be a stoop in the straight shoulders, as though they carried a heavy burden. HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND.

There are some circumstances which There are some circumstances which oblige a man to keep away from his own country sometimes," he said presently.

His companion, a laconic American gold-digger, looked out of his eye-corners.

"Ah," he said.
"I don't like the life here." said Edward;
"but a prisoner doesn't like the three months,
or three years, which he spends in Pentonville or Millbank,"

ville or Millbank,"
Edward listened to this tirade with feelings of unqualified amusement. He rose and laid his hand on the American's shoulder.
"Briggs, I'll tell you something now."
"Whatever you please, sir."
"You've got something on your mind."
Mr. Briggs looked astonished.
"And it's about a woman."
Mr. Briggs sank into the nearest chair and collapsed.

Mr. Briggs sank into the nearest chair and collapsed.

The little shaft, driven by a more skilful hand than his own, had gone straight home, and it rankled.

"You're right, baronet," he said at length—"you're right. Yes, 'It's all on account of Eliza.' At least, Eliza wasn't her name, but it'll do as well as any other. Any name would be good enough for the party I'm thinking of." Edward pondered a moment. It was a relief to find that he was not alone

It was a relief to find that he was not alone in having to suffer.

Mr. Brigg's case seemed one of interest.

"Tell me about it, Briggs," he said.

The American shook his head.

"It wouldn't interest you," he said, gloomily. "But I say, baronet, suppose each tells the other? Maybe we can help one another out a bit. Who knows?"

Sir Edward took up his gun and moved towards the door.

"Walk with me to my hut, Briggs," he said. "We can talk as we go."

about it? I can't see anything. I married a woman who turned out a tartar very soon, and finally, after we were married only a month or two, set off with everything she could get hold of, while I was sick nearly to death. But there's an end of every case. Now, you want to be married to a lady—and here's the other party in the way. The woman is your wife, you see. You're cornered, I fear."

"I fear so too. You see what we have to

here's the other party in the way. The woman is your wife, you see. You're cornered, I fear."

"I fear so too. You see what we have to pay for our youthful mistakes."

"It's queer too, is that. She was—now that's very strange."

Mr. Briggs had grown suddenly thoughtful, and he spoke as if oblivious of a second person's presence.

"Sir Edward," he said presently, "I'm going home, See you again later on."

When he got to his hut he sat down and laughed till the tears rolled down his face.

"Ha, ha! Well, if this ain't a rum go!" he said, "I do believe I'm on the track. I've hit it—I see it all."

He stopped short, and his countenance became suddenly very grave.

"It won't be any better for me, though. Never mind, it'll make the poor baronet all right. But let's see. Of course," he suddenly burst out—"divorce! That's it—why didn't I think of it sconer? Hooray!"

And Mr. Briggs commenced a war-dance round the hut in energetic style. He snapped his fingers, executed several break-downs and committed all manner of unaccountable actions till he was fairly out of breath.

"It's wonderful," he said at last. "how one little word helps to throw light upon a subject! Ah. it was quite an inspiration, my asking him that question."

When, a few days after, Sir Edward and Mr. Briggs set their faces towards England, the American was still in an excited state; he cracked his fingers, muttered strange sentences to himself and disturbed his companion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.

"There's fun waiting us in that old land of

tences to himself and disturbed his com-panion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.

"There's fun waiting us in that old land of yours, baronet," he said one day. "There's immense fun. I laugh to think of it." Sir Edward stared at him.

"Briggs," he asked, "whatever is the matter with you? What is the meaning of this altered conduct? You used to be as grave as a judge out there, but now—— What is it?" is it?"
The American laughed long and loudly.
"It's a secret, sir. It's worth all your
money and your acres to know what I think
I know to-day. You'd give your right hand

waith me to my nut. Briggs, and aid. "We can talk as we go."
So on the way they communed together. Sir Edward told his companion all the history of his troubles, and Mr. Briggs groaned long and loudly at their complicated state.

"It's a nasty job, baronet." he said—"a nasty job, bBlame me if I don't think it's worse than mine. But what are you going to do the said of the sai

And he retired cabinwards and Edward heard him laughing heartily for a long time. But Edward himself was in no laughing humor. It was a terribly grim, earnest business for him, this going home.

He thought of his wife, and his blood boiled and his teeth met together very tightly. And then he thought of Di, and knew that he would give everything he possessed to see her again, even though they would still be separated by a wider and more impassable gulf than when he was in Australia, and she at Elmsea.

guif than when he was in Australia, and she at Elmsea.

And then all of a sudden his brain seemed to be set on fire, and his whole being to whirl round in a perfect tempest of wonder, for a suspicion flashed across his mind to which he could give no form in words.

If that suspicion was right, why then there was an end to all his entanglements and vexations.

He went below and found Briggs busy por-He went below and found Briggs busy poring over a map of England.

"I'm a bit puzzled with this chart of your great country, baronet," he said. "Where's this place of yours, and what do you call the county or State, or whatever it is?"

Edward pointed Oldshire out and indicated the exact position of Lascelles place.

"Exactly. Then this town"—indicating Oldborough—" will be your nearest railway station?"

"Yes."
"Far from your place!"
"Three miles."
"Three miles! Well, now, Sir Edward, when we get to London you must do me a favor. Do you lie still in town for a few days, and let me go down to your place. And see if I don't bring you good news when I return—that's all!"

"And suppose," said Ethel, "that Edward came back to you, Di, what would you say to him?"
"Suppose that he came back to me? He will never do that, Ethel, I am afraid, unless". less "—
"Unless what, dear?"
"Unless—I don't know, Ethel; but I don't think it is possible."
And then the two went on through the park and spoke little.
It was evening—evening in summer, and the whole scene lay bathed in the light of the cetting sup.

the whole scene lay bathed in the light of the setting sun.

The spire of St. Oriel's gleamed in the distance between the trees, and here and there a red-roofed farmhouse gave a little bright color to the prevalent tint of greep.

Through one opening vista in the wood there was a glimpse of the sea, apparently very far off, and just now all bright with the sunset. A white sail on the blue water, a

cagull flapping is long loose wings over the mast and the bright bit of red, white and blue, which did duty as a flag at the masthead, finished the picture.

"Why did he go?" asked Ethel,
Di shook her head.

"I never knew, Ethel, but I am sure of one thing, and that is that Edward had a good reason for going. He gave me no word of explanation."

"Never mind, dear," said Ethel; "it must come right in time."

come right in time."

They sat down beneath an old elm, whose thick branches hung low, and talked of Ed-As they sat they were unaware of a man who saw them from the high-road outside and stole towards them through the trees until he was near enough to hear what they said.

"It was Christmas," Di was saying as the listener came close enough to hear, "when Edward went; I think it was four days before Christmas. Mr. Hemming had been in the parish only a little time. He had come to the hall that morning to see papa on business of some kind, and he stayed till the afternoon. He was walking back to the village, and Edward said he would walk a little way with him. I met him in the hall, just as he was taking a cigar-case out of his pocket, and he told me he was going out with Mr. Hemming, and that he should not be long away. Then he went, and I never saw him again.

"We had some people to dinner that night; but Edward never returned. I was not uneasy at first, for I thought he might have been called to the Place, and that he would come back later on. But he never came back. And oh, Ethel, it was terrible—the suspense, the uncertainty, the feeling that one didn't know where he was or why he was gone!"

"Yee," said Ethel. As they sat they were unaware of a man who

he was gone!"
"Yes," said Ethel.
She had never heard the facts of the case
from Di before.
"He must come back," she said presently.
"Perhaps. At any rate, I shall trust him."

he was gone

"Perhaps. At any rate, I shall trust him."
"It seems very strange."
"It fancy all manner of things. I sometimes think he will come back to me, and all will be right again."
"I am sure it will be so, Di."
The listener under the big ash-tree smiled, and felt inclined to come out of his hiding-place, and speak to the two girls. Upon second consideration, however, he decided that that would spoil all.
"I suppose," said Dina presently, "that Mr. Hemming is to be married soon to Miss "I suppose," said Dina presently, "that Mr. Hemming is to be married soon to Miss Charteris. Ethel, who is Miss Charteris?" "I don't know, Di." "Where did she come from?"

"I don't know that either."
"I heard something about her knowing him years and years ago."

"Ethel," she said, "do you think Mr. Hemming really cares much for Miss Charteris?"

Ethel looked surprised.
"I don't know," she said; "but surely he must, seeing she is to be his wife. Why do you ask?"
"Because I am firmly convinced that he is about to marry her merely to save a scandal.

listener, who was none other than Mr. Washington Briggs, came forth, having learnt something, and went on his way to

Sir Edward Lascelles stood in St. Martin's lane, looking gloomily at the hurrying life about him.

Briggs had been gone some days, and the young man had heard nothing from him. He began to wish he had gone down to Elmsea himself.

pavement.
"That's the style, baronet," said a well-known voice. "Humanity and love for the young invariably meet the approbation of yours once more and forever, Washington C.

expectations. "Briggs!"
"Now look here, baronet," said Mr. Briggs,
"Now look here, baronet," said Mr. Briggs,

d'ye hear?"
And with exceeding volubility of manner,
Mr. Briggs pushed his companion into a han-

# married, out they separated, and ac believes acr dead. The woman sought out Lascelles on the eve of his wedding and told him that he was still her husband. He paid her money to let him alone and immediately left the country, without a word of farewell or explanation to Diana Leighton. Violet was in love with Hemming and resolved to win him if she could.